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In view of the welcome settlement of the printing trade dispute, we hope next week to appear in our usual form. Indeed, we trust that our next issues will do something to atone in size for the skimpy character of our emergency publications. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking our readers for their staunch support and, often personal, encouragement during this difficult period.

THE CHAIN-REACTION GANG

The Pontecorvo affair has started a hue and cry which is not confined to the missing atomic scientist. There are sinister, ugly mutterings, incited by irresponsible journalism, against naturalised scientists involved in atomic research in this country. "They are not to be trusted", the snarl goes, "First it was Fuchs, the naturalised German, and now a naturalised Italian. Bar them all from atomic work. Take away their British passports. Prevent them from going abroad." Group libel of this kind is shameful. It is importing McCarthyism into this country and damning by imputation and inference honourable and innocent men, whose only crime is that, erstwhile refugees, they have been ensnared by atomic secrecy. "Ensnared" is the right word, because once they have engaged in any scientific work which gives them special knowledge, they come within the orbit of Security. Many academic scientists are regularly consulted on the atomic programme, because they have much to contribute; indeed one of the essential features of that programme, as Sir John Cockcroft and others have always insisted, is the working co-operation between the Government research-workers and the "free" nuclear physicists in the Universities. Furthermore, the question of secrecy applies not only to bomb-making but to the industrial development of nuclear physics and to many other branches of secret research.

The victims of the present scare are men who fled from the kind of persecution this mob-muttering now suggests, and gave honoured service to atomic research in wartime. To allow reason to be corrupted by atomic-neurosis and to acquiesce in purges whose pretext is to "reassure the public" is not merely gross injustice to individuals; it is an attitude which will destroy science itself. Hitler and Mussolini purged their science of suspect elements. The suspects were the kind of people who are now being suspected. Einstein was the man who went to Roosevelt and convinced him of need for atomic research. Fermi, the Italian, produced plutonium as the bomb-charge. The rump of Nazi-Fascist science never got near the release of atomic energy. The names which dominated the Manhattan Project sound like a roll call on Ellis Island. Then there is the suggestion that no nuclear physicist should be allowed to travel. That way lies scientific bankruptcy, because it is by attending conferences and exchanging knowledge with their foreign colleagues that scientists develop and advance their own knowledge. Nor is it any use trying to exclude from these discussions matters which may have relevance to the atomic bomb. For instance cosmic rays, these "unclassified" intruders from Outer Space, are exceedingly important in the study of the nucleus from which the energy comes. Nor can anyone be sure today what will be on the secret list tomorrow. A few weeks ago at Oxford 250 scientists from America, Britain and European countries, discussed among other things, Tritium, or Triple Hydrogen. But Tritium, still an academic matter, could become the short-cut to the hydrogen bomb. And anyone who knew anything about it would be, in the eyes of Security, a dangerous man.

In U.S.A., the humiliations and surveillance which nuclear physicists have to endure are seriously affecting atomic work. Even here there is difficulty in recruiting for Government Atomic Stations. At Harwell, they sensibly tried to break down the concentration camp atmosphere by seeking to give the scientists a normal social life outside the compound. Now, as a result of the recent episode, there are demands that this "insecurity" should be tightened. Who is going to choose life-imprisonment by becoming an atomic-scientist? Even if he is released back to academic life, he is only on ticket-of-leave; and the results of this sort of thing are crippling. An eminent American scientist, prominent in wartime atomic research but now trying to carry on academic work, has privately canvassed the idea of an international research institute on neutral ground, preferably in India, "where free research could be practised".

The scientist in fact is an international person; and, until we have international government, he must be subject to an intolerable strain of divided loyalty between his nation and the world as a whole. The practical difficulty is that today Russia alone has the means of enforcing absolute security. Our object, therefore, should be to seek an international agreement with full inspection. In the meantime, while every reasonable measure to counter espionage should be taken, the worst service we could do to the world and to ourselves would be to surrender to panic.

France and German Rearmament

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The two-day debate on the Pleven Plan and the "principle" of German rearmament was reminiscent of many debates between 1919 and the beginning of the Hitler Era. At the back of everybody's mind today, as then, is the thought that France is fighting a losing battle, and that Washington will not be unduly impressed by the ingenuities of the Pleven Plan, and will cheerfully go ahead with the rearmament of Western Germany. A part of French Conservative opinion, as reflected by the Figaro, accepts this "inevitable" German rearmament with resignation, and regrets that the Pleven Government should find it necessary to "put up a show of independence", thus making itself unpopular in Washington, Bonn and London.

It is nevertheless true that, whatever comes of the Pleven Plan in the end, French public opinion, as reflected by this debate, has made its emphatic protest against rearming Germany. The unanimity displayed by all the Parties, with the exception of M. Reynaud and a few other Right-wingers, was impressive, and justified the Monde in saying that French opinion, on this occasion, had displayed a genuinely neutralist mood. Significantly not only the Communists, but also men politically as distant from the Communists as M. Daladier and M. Louis Marin, expressed their profound distaste for assuming that Russia will attack Western Europe, and for "ganging up" against her with the United States. That the Pleven Plan - with its demand that the formation of the "European Army", in which some German units would be included, be made conditional upon the previous acceptance of the Schuman Plan by the six Powers concerned, and upon the constitution of a supra-national Ministry of European Defence - was vague and ambiguous in many respects could scarcely be denied; but the deputies asked the Government numerous questions, to some of which M. Pleven felt bound to give fairly clear answers. For instance, he said that, if the "principles" underlying his plan were rejected by the United States, then France would maintain her opposition to the "principle" of German rearmament.

M. Moch, the Socialist Minister of Defence, has now gone to Washington to see what the British and Americans are going to make of the Pleven Plan. As a representative of the Socialist Party, he consistently opposed German rearmament as such, while M. Schuman, on the contrary, remained very quiet throughout the debate. The "federalist" basis of the Pleven Plan represents a sort of compromise between Schuman and Moch. The Socialists are willing to accept the Schuman Plan - otherwise no great favourite of theirs - if it means stimulating federalism on the military plane, and so avoiding the resurrection of the Wehrmacht. Naturally, there is disappointment amongst the French Socialists over the British attitude - over continued British indifference to "federalism", over Mr. Bevin's alleged surrender to the U.S.A., and over the swift repudiation of Morgan Phillips' Comisco speech by the Foreign Office. To the French, the psychological implications of German rearmament are much more serious than America realises, and this the National Assembly made a point of stressing. However, they feel at heart that if Mr. Bevin gave way to American pressure, it will be hard for them to hold out.

Stirrings in the Ruhr

While Dr. Adenauer now rejects the idea of contributing to a "European Army" except on a footing of complete equality, the "liberating" decisions that were taken in September by the Western Foreign Ministers are beginning to take effect. Restrictions both quantitative (on the production of steel) and qualitative (on the monopolist structure of German heavy industry) are under constant fire by politicians and publicists, and there is the general belief that these restrictions may shortly be greatly modified or altogether abolished. The Ruhr press, for example, is now almost unanimous in demanding that the Federal Government should bring pressure to bear on the Allied authorities to turn over full responsibility for existing programmes of "decartelisation and deconcentration" to the German authorities. At the same time, there is a drive by the owners to reconstitute the intimate relations between coal and steel concerns in the Ruhr that made vertical combination such a powerful weapon of capitalist monopoly in the past. "Rheinische Post" claims that the execution of the Schuman Plan would call for greater attention to the needs of what it called "combined economy"; and "Der Mittag" frankly expressed the view that the German steel industry should have at least a 35 per cent participation in the coal mines of the Ruhr.

The wish to use vertical combination once again as a weapon against foreign competitors has come out sharply in the Schuman Plan negotiations. The French have consistently attempted to improve the competitive position of the French steel industry vis-à-vis the Ruhr's potentially much lower costs and higher efficiency. To that end the notion of an "equalisation fund" emerged, a device by which weaker members of the steel industry would be virtually subsidised by stronger members. While the Ruhr industrialists waxed sarcastic over this scheme, some of the Federal Ministers are reported to hold that this levy on the Ruhr would be worth paying if it were possible to bargain it against "a release from the International Ruhr Authority and Allied control privileges". Another "equalising" device of much the same order is a proposal by some of the smaller members of the Schuman Plan conference, supported by the French, that all industrial areas should be divided up into group-units of approximately equal capacity. Against this the German owners have raised indignant voices, claiming - no doubt quite rightly - that its acceptance would destroy the economic unity of the Ruhr and hamper, as "Die Welt" lately put it, "the present Verbundwirtschaft (combined economy) of the area". Perhaps the most striking thing about present German comment is its self-confidence. The German owners evidently feel that, with growing American pressure for the rearmament of Germany, they will have no need of any Schuman Plan.

PARLIAMENT: Doctrine and Facts

Parliament must be a constant disappointment to Lord Beaverbrook. For weeks his press had promised a major clash on the continuation of emergency powers so confidently that even the Whips were persuaded. Then, perversely, the Debate collapsed, leaving members all Tuesday to discuss "Charges on Biscuits" on a Three Line Whip. And so it was, too, with Wednesday's big Debate on Public Accountability of the Socialised Industries, although it did reveal one thing. Despite appearances, the Tories have a Faith. One of its articles is that "Profits are not without honour save in the Nationalised Industries". And Oliver Lyttelton is its Incarnation. It was unkind to put him to sum up on Public Accountability. Private monopoly he understands, but in a business world where the public may have a say, what could he do but flap loosely like a wet garment on a clothes line on a gusty day?

Nor indeed was he alone. For in this Parliament, the doctrinaires have crossed benches. Tory doctrine is that without the grease of profit the wheels won't run. So, in the nationalised industries, it is clear, output has fallen, unrest is rife, strikes are more frequent, and the outlook is blacker than ever before. Patiently, Noel-Baker explained the facts were quite other. But, of course, he was wasting his time. To the new doctrinaires, if the facts do not square with theory, so much the worse for the facts.

In the debate, apart from some good speeches like those of Hugh Molson and Austen Albu, little fresh and nothing fundamental was forthcoming. Many recognised the need for purgatives and some offered tentatively mild aperients.

TOM WILLIAMS

U.S. LABOUR AND THE ELECTION

American voters are about to elect 435 Congressmen and 36 Senators. At the same time, in a number of States, they will choose a host of other officials - Governors, legislators, judges, auditors and sheriffs. This is a mid-term election, in which both the excitement and the poll usually fall below the level of a Presidential contest; but, for weeks past, benign faces have been staring from the hoardings, the radio and the newspapers have been loaded with special party pleading on everything from social security to Communism and Korea, and party managers have been busy greasing the wheels of the machines on which they rely to turn out the vote on polling day.

In Washington or New York it is easy to look at the campaign as a whole. The Democrats, the talk goes, will be hard put to it to retain control in the Senate, which they now hold by a narrow margin. The House seems safer, though a number of losses are expected. That is the normal pattern in mid-term, when the President is not running and pulling out a large vote on which marginal candidates can coast home. But leave the big cities and the columnists and commentators; elections cease to be a question of overall statistics and become a series of bitter local contests.

The party ticket helps and its political workers are needed, but the Congressman is personally responsible before the voters in a way that no M.P., sheltered by party discipline, can ever be. That explains, for instance, the panic in which most Democratic Congressmen voted for the McCarran Act, in spite of President Truman's acid Veto. They felt that they could not come home and allow their opponents to denounce them for voting against a law designed to curb Communism. Here, in Massachusetts, Congressman McCormick is the Democratic leader in the House and has gone along with most of the Administration's policies. But he opposes the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act because he represents a textile district which feels the pinch of competition from British woollens.

Such variations confuse the campaign. How much damage has been done, for instance, to Democrats in New York by the exposure of widespread corruption in the police, or to Republicans by the Hanley affair? Can the Republicans in Illinois and Missouri make capital out of the tie-up between Democratic politicians and big gambling syndicates, revealed by Senator Kefauver's investigation? Such issues, of course, are secondary to common problems, such as taxes and living-costs, labour legislation, national defence and, inevitably, Communism, a field in which there is a high auction of votes.

The other week I heard a prominent labour leader denounce Senator McCarthy for "spoiling the work of us legitimate Red-baiters" and, elsewhere, I watched a Democrat, running for the New York assembly, assure his audience that the only plank in his platform was that he would vote for anything that was anti-Communist. But no one is very willing to predict the results of this auction. Even if the Republicans have managed to convince many electors that, for all their talk, the Democrats are "soft" towards Communism, this success could be cancelled out by other issues. Republicans can promise lower taxes and less waste: but the Democrats can offer price controls and stiffer taxes on corporations. The spectacular advances in Korea make Republican charges of military neglect look so foolish that Senator Taft - a weathervane swinging wildly in a frantic effort to avoid defeat - has dropped them and gone back to defending the Taft-Hartley Act.

It is harder, for these reasons, to choose "typical" districts in the United States than it is to select "barometer" constituencies in Britain. Political pressures in Massachusetts are as different from those in Iowa as these, in turn, are from pressures in Oregon or California. Yet in Massachusetts you can watch a development that is taking place right across the continent - the growing political role of the trade unions. In some thirty-seven States there are now United Labour Committees, similar to the one whose conference I attended in Boston this week. They represent both the American Federation of Labour and the Congress of Industrial Organisations, besides the Machinists and the railway unions, and usually include the local branches of Americans for Democratic Action, which speaks for non-Communist liberals. Broadly speaking, they are throwing their weight behind the Democratic Party and, in the more industrialised areas, they wield considerable political influence. They publish lists of candidates favourably inclined to the labour movement and publicise the records of reactionary Congressmen. They have money. They have large affiliated memberships - in Massachusetts, for example, they claim more than half-a-million - and they can throw their organisations into campaign work. Some unions here expect to put more than a hundred full-time workers apiece into the job of getting out the vote. For the present, these unions and liberals have settled for themselves the old theoretical problem of labour's political action: they have allied themselves with the Democratic machine in return for legislative and other favours.

Political issues apart, there is one special reason why the unions and the Democratic Party in Massachusetts want to turn out a large vote. If they win complete control of the State legislature - which they just failed to do in 1948 - they will supervise the reorganisation of constituency boundaries which takes place after every decennial census. In the past, under Republican majorities in the State House, the boundaries have been gerrymandered to a point where, in 1948, the Democratic candidates for Congress rolled up a total vote 250,000 more than the Republicans secured; yet eight Republicans and only six Democrats went down to Washington.

The first Congressional District is a good illustration. Roughly one hundred by eighty miles, covering the western part of the Commonwealth, its boundaries loop around large towns with Democratic majorities. It consists of prosperous farming areas, mountains and, in the valleys, small textile towns. Pittsfield and Holyoke are its only big urban centres. It has been Republican since the Civil War, though to-day the Democrats are eating heavily into the Republican vote. In this District, the Democratic candidate is Anna Sullivan, a C.I.O. textile workers' organiser, and the United Labour Committee is naturally doing all it can to help her.

The total union membership in Anna Sullivan's bailiwick is about twenty-five thousand, or something like a quarter of the electorate. This figure is enough to show that the First District can be won by the Democrats, even if they fail again this time; it is no longer an area of rock-ribbed Republican farmers. But in the course of such campaigns, it is clear, something like a Democratic-Labour Party is being created here. It is embryonic; but it is growing, as it should, from the bottom up. Ideologically, it may be weak. It may spend too much of its energies - in a State with a high proportion of Catholics - on anti-Communism. But something new is happening. The unions are really getting into politics in a big way. Their campaign for Mr. Truman in 1948, it now appears, was no flash in the pan: they seem to be staying the pace and becoming, in some areas, indispensable to the Democratic Party. They have learnt, from 1946, what happens when apathy puts in a Republican Congress and they have seen, from 1948, that it is not enough to put in Democrats. The average margin of defeat for a number of Fair Deal measures in this 81st Congress was fifteen votes in the Senate and thirty-five votes in the House. Therefore good Democrats are needed, and that means that the unions have to go into the primaries and pick the best of the possible candidates.

The way in which the unions are learning this lesson may prove, over the years, to be the most important feature of this mid-term election.

Northampton, Mass. October NORMAN MACKENZIE

LONDON DIARY

It is common knowledge that there have been sharp disagreements inside the Cabinet on the tactics which the Government should employ in the new session of Parliament. The demands of the Left are sufficiently indicated by the title of the second "Tribune" pamphlet "Full Steam Ahead"; it wanted the King's Speech to include a capital levy and so force an election. The Right-wingers argued for a "realistic" legislative programme, just controversial enough to tempt Mr. Churchill in to seeking an election and compel Mr. Eden to restrain him. Clearly the Right-wingers have won. The Full Employment Bill and Leasehold Reform are obviously designed to drive a wedge between the Me-too-ers around Mr. Butler and Mr. Churchill's Last Ditch cronies. So too the proposal to nationalise the refining of beet sugar while sparing Tate and Lyle, is apparently calculated to cause the Opposition embarrassment. But I wonder whether Mr. Morrison has not been too clever by half. Conscious though they are of the Government's tiny majority, I suspect that very few Labour Back-benchers will be ready to defend this half-hearted proposal to square Mr. Cube. In his effort to split the Tories, Mr. Morrison is imposing a dangerous strain on the unity of the Parliamentary Labour Party.

* * *

If I read the signs correctly, the Politburo has decided on another policy switch. MacArthur's knock-out blow in Korea follows swiftly on the failure of the Peace Campaign in the West. Efforts will now, I think, be made to co-operate with Social Democrats, warmongers, jackals and other cannibals. Their response, if this switch occurs, is scarcely likely to be enthusiastic. The danger for Western Socialists is that, in ridiculing such manœuvres, they may forget that they are Socialists and that the object of increasing strength and toughness in the West is to urge the best possible modus vivendi with the Communist East. The "agree to differ" slogan (which first appeared in this journal) remains the only sane objective. The first thing is to make it clear to President Truman that Britain will not permit policy in the Far East to be dictated by General MacArthur, who now takes it on himself to speak as if he (ably seconded by Syngman Rhee) were the ruler of Korea.

* * *

Mr. Trygve Lie, now denounced by the Soviet delegate at Lake Success as a lackey of Western Imperialism, was originally chosen as Secretary-General to satisfy the Russians. In those days one of the Western favourites for the post was the Canadian, Mr. Pearson; today, ironically enough, his name is put forward by Mr. Malik, which means, whether by intention or not, that he is unlikely to be selected. Meanwhile, by a similar reversal of favour, Russian opposition to Trygve Lie has induced Senator Austin to represent the Secretary's re-election as a matter of vital necessity for the United Nations! What Mr. Lie himself thinks about it all I don't know. He announced not long ago that he would not again be a candidate. His record is that of a well-meaning neutral who would not, however, allow his neutrality to prevent him from making positive efforts for peace. He infuriated Mr. Bevin by his loyalty to the United Nations on the issue of Palestine, and he threw the United States Government into a panic by insisting on his peace tour round the world last winter. He was then cross-questioned by American journalists about whether "he was or had ever been a Communist". Finally he behaved correctly in the matter of Korea, straining legality a little, perhaps, in favour of America. This, of course, has turned him into a "fascist beast".

* * *

The old guard surely made a mistake in nominating Lord Tedder to be Chancellor of Cambridge University. He is one of those airmen who does not conform to the accepted pattern of the professional serviceman; he has done much to encourage scientific research and education. But great achievement in the world of civil life is surely what a great University should demand of its Chancellor. Balfour combined (as one must admit Smuts combined) scholarship with statesmanship. The choice of Nehru, who has the support of a number of Professors, many of the younger M.A.s and graduates of distinction, is both bold and sensible. It pays a tribute many of us desire to pay to one of the very few outstanding statesmen of the world and it shows that Cambridge is capable of overcoming an out of date parochialism.

* * *

The American Medical Association has started a huge advertising campaign against the proposed National Health Insurance scheme. The money is said to have been obtained by a compulsory levy of £8. 15s. on each doctor member. This has been augmented by donations of space and radio time from banks, insurance companies and other big advertisers. All the old tags are recited - un-American state socialism, lower medical standards, higher taxes, rewards for the improvident - and this despite the fact that it is to be a contributory scheme, worker and employer paying an equal sum. I have been talking with a friend who returned last week from an American visit which took him into medical and hospital circles. He told me that it was with a growing sense of horror that he realised how commercial the healing of the sick was in America. The knowledge of a proffered patient's occupation and income seemed to be of more immediate urgency than his disease. He, a Conservative, found himself defending our National Health Service and patiently explaining that although the new machine creaked in places, the idea of the Service, as distinct from details, had not for a long time been controversial in Britain; the principle has been accepted by all political parties and also by the doctors. I have just read in the report of a famous American clinic the example of a promising piece of research which was stopped because the family of the patient concerned had no more money to continue the treatment. I wonder how long America will stick to the principle "dough or die"?

* * *

The latest criticism of the National Health Service reaches me in the form of a story. A doctor told his patient that the only thing wrong with him was melancholia. He needed taking out of himself. "You live too much by yourself", said the doctor. "You need female society". A week later the patient returned. "How have things been going?" asked the doctor. "Well," said the patient, "I took your advice and it all went very well until I explained to her that she was on the National Health".

CRITIC

BEDFELLOWS

Must rich Americans be turned away
From Britain's Festival?
There are not beds enough, pay what they may -
There will be beds for all.

Our British way of life the world invites
Yet Festival congestion we foresee -
Why? Ways and means of life include the rites
Of hospitality.

What hospitality can we extend
When London's inns have taken all they can? -
The British householder will recommend
The Put-U-Up divan.

Householders too must meet their overhead,
The cost of Britain's Festival they bear,
The single taxpayer with a double bed
That bed will gladly share.

The early morning cup our friends will wake,
Our ways they will more intimately view
When playmates, workmates, yokemates we will make
Bedfellows too.

Flats will a Bed and Breakfast sign display,
With shakedowns at a reasonable sum.
There will be room for all you turn away,
Yea, beds for all who come.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Let it be said that, even under the best conditions, any trip outside the earth's atmosphere must be reckoned an extremely hazardous undertaking.
The Times. (L. Simmonds)

My fiancé has given up smoking. I told him he couldn't really love me if he didn't love me enough to give up smoking and save the money for our home. He now has a cold bath first thing in the morning instead.
Letter in Daily Mirror. (Arthur Moyse)

Refined young man seeks light post in Girls' Private School or as Verger where accommodation for own things.
Advt. in Church Times. (E. Cothey)

When asked why he was carrying a heavy iron gate hinge early in the morning at the premises of Messrs. —, Croydon, — was alleged to have replied, "I was going to make a bird cage." Sutton Times. (G.C. Perry)

A young Cornish mother put her baby in an outhouse because she feared her six cats and a dog would object to it being in the room with them.
News Chronicle. (Mrs. J. Powell)

The Mayor of Canterbury, Councillor —, will grow a beard for the city's Festival of Britain celebrations.
News Chronicle. (D.L. Mackinnon)

REPORT ON ITALY

III. RUIN OR RISORGIMENTO

From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. the procession, eight deep, had filed past the tribune, where a front row of Communist notables - Luigi Longo, D'Onofrio, Secchia and Genoa's efficient and sympathetic mayor, Adamoli - were taking the salute. It was the last Sunday in September, the last day of unbroken sunshine in this Italian summer; and the demonstration, organised by "Unità" in support of its campaign for increased circulation, was a stupendous affair. One of Signor Scelba's policemen gave me the figure of 500,000 as the number of the crowd; but it may have been much more, for all I know. Propped uncomfortably in a modest corner of the tribune, I began to ache from the feet upwards as the seemingly endless parade of delegations - Milanese workers and Calabrian peasants, shop-stewards from Bologna and costumed shepherds from Sardinia - stepped past. Below me, an old woman burst into noisy sobs as the brigade of ex-partisans (with here and there an empty sleeve, a limping leg) marched by. A pretty child of my own daughter's age broke the ranks to throw laughingly to Longo a bunch of cherished flowers, half-squashed to death by hot, loving little hands ...

One sentimentalises, you will say, over a machine-made Party circus. D'accord: one has seen this sort of demonstration in Warsaw, in Prague and - for that matter - in Tito's Yugoslavia when Stalin's portrait still shared place of honour with the Marshal's on The Terazije. In Genoa, that Sunday, there were plenty of the stereotyped slogans: "Ban the Atom Bomb"; "Korea for the Koreans"; "Say 'No' to the American Bandits". But I had the impression that much of the crowd regarded these exhortations as the common-form trappings of a Communist fiesta. The banners which raised the really felt emotions, the storms of purposeful cheers, were those which proclaimed: "Work and Bread"; "More Production by Italians for Italy"; "Not Tanks but Tractors"; "Viva il Piano del Lavoro!"

There you have it - the focal point of this autumn's trade union campaign which is pulling Leftwards all but the hard crust of Italian reaction. With the co-operation of technical managers and economists who are as distinctly non-Communist as the late Lord Keynes, the C.G.I.L. has produced an over-all plan for the rehabilitation of Italy - accompanied by detailed schemes for the utilisation of all the more important plants - which makes good sense. Unlike the vague and flimsily optimistic programme which the Government sold to O.E.E.C., and whose unrealistic targets, if attained, would still leave the problem of structural unemployment in Italy unsolved, the "Workers' Plan" gives a concrete and (in my judgment) practicable set of proposals for an increase of production which would go far to put Italy on her feet.

The difficulties inherent in this programme of planned augmentation of output should not be minimised. One need not take too seriously the criticism by the employers' Confindustria, that the Plan would involve a disastrous inflation: as the U.N. Economic Commission for Europe has emphasised, an expansionist policy of State investment could be financed, without much danger of rising prices, if the system of direct taxation were reformed and great wealth in a few hands were prevented from straining the limits of the resources available for consumption. A more serious obstacle which the Plan has to overcome is Italy's shortage of raw materials and her unfavourable balance-of-payments position. But this is not insuperable: a real programme of land reclamation in Southern Italy would greatly reduce the need for imports of foodstuffs, as well as expanding Italy's capacity to export fruit and vegetables. Full employment of Northern factories, accompanied by the active industrialisation of the South, would also cut down the present high costs of Italian industry. This is extremely important; for, though costs per man-hour today, at about 30 U.S. cents, compare with $1.54 in America, the under-utilisation of plant, combined with the existence, in every factory I visited, of obsolete sections of the process, makes the "conversion factor" in Italy uncompetitively high.

The time, however, for detailed critical examination of the Piano del Lavoro is not yet come. What is manifest today is that the men who could be expected to carry such a Plan into effect are not in power. Before it is worth while talking of economic recovery in Italy, there must be an end to the misrule of a party whose career in office, since 1948, has been a shameful truckling to vested interests in industry* and absentee landlordism, and whose main achievement has been the abolition of the controls over consumption and imports whose re-establishment would be a first essential for working any sound national reconstruction plan. Equally, it is plain that the expansion of external commerce which the "Workers' Plan" involves must be largely in non-dollar markets. The cherished idea of the de Gasperi Government that a "good" Italy will be rewarded by an enlarged share of the American market is nonsense; and the present American ban on Italian exports to Eastern Europe - Italy's natural complement in exchanges of goods - is a suspended sentence of economic death on the U.S.A.'s subsidised Mediterranean protectorate.

The Italian workers' demands, I have said, are basically revolutionary in character: they are not compatible with the continued existence of the clerical-capitalist regime which has made Italy a country of two nations. The question for democratic Socialists in Western Europe is what sort of revolution it is to be, and under whose dir-

* Addressing the American Chamber of Commerce in Genoa on October 19, Mr. Dayton, E.C.A. Administrator, said "Is there anyone here who believes that half-measures, half-co-operation and timid support of plans to vitalise democracy can win anything except the privilege of hanging from the arcade of a filling station?" He complained that he could count on the fingers of his two hands the number of the Italian business leaders who were really pursuing the basic principles of low costs and high production aimed at raising the standard of living.

ection. Communist-led? Inevitably: the composition of the trade unions and the fissuring, since 1945, of the Socialist Party have put the leadership of the working class predominantly, as things stand, into Communist hands. Deplorable? Perhaps; but I must record that a distinguished professor of economics, in whose company I watched the demonstration in Genoa that Sunday, said to me: "For thirty years I have been a liberal, and a liberal I remain. But in these Communists today I see the only protection of my personal liberty against a brutal, intransigeant reaction". That is one view. From another standpoint I should say that the younger, intellectual Communists whom I met this summer in Italy are of an unbending, doctrinaire metal, and that the Italian people might pay a price for their (in all probability efficient) government. The Communist factory shop-stewards and, above all, the older men who fought and suffered in the Resistance seemed to me the salt of the Italian earth.

It is with these men that the Nenni Socialists - here I speak of the rank and file, whom alone I met - have made common cause. How far they can influence the workers' risorgimento now taking shape depends largely on the degree of support they secure from other Socialist parties in Europe. Again and again, in factories and in artigiani workshops, I was asked why the British Labour Party could not see that, to Italian trade unionists, Saragat, Silone and Romita are names which sound much as the names of MacDonald and Snowden sounded in the Britain of 1932. A harsh judgment, it may be; but it is certainly without the aid or counsel of the Right-wing Socialist factions that the working-class movement for a new, juster and more prosperous Italy is today surging upwards.

Genoa, October AYLMER VALLANCE

DIFFICULT TO DEFINE

Very occasionally a new kind of film is evolved. For instance, about twenty-five years ago, the documentary film appeared, to surprise and embarrass the world of the cinema. Now the Children's Entertainment Film has come into being and is a vital force, nationally and internationally. But it has no place in the existing organisation of the industry. It does not fit into the accepted framework of production, distribution or of exhibition. Neither can it conform to the practice of Customs regulations or national film quotas. The attitude of authority is summed up by the recent pronouncement of the British Board of Trade that Children's Entertainment Films are "extremely difficult to define" - the implication being that, as a separate film category, they do not exist.

But they do. Children's Entertainment Films, produced by the Rank Organisation in Great Britain, are distributed throughout the British Isles, and are exported to forty-one different countries. Everyone knows the excellent output of Children's Films by the U.S.S.R. The Children's Entertainment Film is undeniably with us. But what is it?

Definition is, indeed, difficult. To start with, the word "child" is misleading, it being differently interpreted in various countries. For instance, in Latin America, a "child" is definitely under twelve years of age, while in some parts of Canada the term is applied to young persons up to the age of eighteen. Probably it would be well, internationally, to divide films into those for audiences under seven and those for audiences over seven, at the same time limiting "children" to those under fourteen. But, so long as exhibitors continue to organise children's shows for the unwieldy age-group of four to fifteen, as they do in many countries, the definition of the word "child" will remain a problem. It must be faced, however, internationally. It is impossible to consider a five-minute puppet film for nursery-school age as being in the same category as a six-reel story-film for the ten year olds.

As with other kinds of films, production of Children's Entertainment Films must depend on distribution and exhibition. Children are not like adult audiences and will cheerfully see a film again after two or three years. Nevertheless, production on a national basis of complete programmes of suitable films to keep children's performances supplied all through the year would require the investment of large capital. There would be little chance of amortising this if distribution were limited to one country. The only countries where the production of children's films has been planned and sustained are the U.S.S.R. and Great Britain, the one having the financial backing of a State industry, the other the enlightened sponsorship (now unfortunately in abeyance) of the Rank Organisation. No commercial production group in any country has found that large-scale production of children's films is an economic proposition.

Some producers in various countries have tried the compromise of making films about children with an eye to the adult market. These films are not a solution of the children's film problem. Their adult motivation and characterisation is outside the comprehension of children. Moreover, the Rank Organisation has more than once tried to acquire European films about children to adapt for British child audiences, only to be told that the films are not available for this exhibition to children until they have first obtained revenue from adult commercial exhibition. One of these films had actually won an international prize as a "Children's Film".

The obvious though difficult remedy for this problem is to develop an international demand for children's films, so that it can be commercially worthwhile to define them clearly and produce them for their own particular market alone. The main obstacles to this remedy are the aforesaid problem of definition, the unwillingness of film technicians to work for what they consider an unimportant audience, the difficulty of exchanging films where currency problems exist, the accepted national and trade restrictions of quotas and the "barring" of 16 mm. exhibition, and, above all, the expense of making foreign versions.

Given goodwill and patience, however, none of these difficulties is insurmountable. First of all, a children's film must be defined as a film made solely for children's audiences. (Later we can decide exactly when one begins and ceases to be a child.) This definition will have to be internationally recognised at Government level. Then a children's film would not be included, any more than an educational or scientific film, in a restrictive import quota of foreign feature films. Secondly, producers, renters and exhibitors of children's films would, alike, have to agree to renounce adult markets, though the "family" market - no adult attending the performance without a child - might be introduced.

Producers and renters would need to learn to think, not in terms of single films, but in programmes of an accepted shape, say one-and-a-half-hours for the over-sevens, made up of a cartoon, two interest pictures and a long story, and an hour's programme for the under-sevens, with no one film longer than half-an-hour. Such programmes would form a practical basis for international exchange. Besides this, they would do away with the present plethora of short films and dearth of bona-fide children's features. Renters and exhibitors should examine the position and try to agree that children's films are different from adult pictures and can be released on 16 mm. and 35 mm. for different types of audiences simultaneously, neither market damaging the interests of the other. The financial return from children's films is relatively so small in each territory that every source of revenue must be developed at the same time.

But in order to achieve such widespread international exhibition, it must be possible to make foreign versions of children's films economically. Superimposed sub-titles are not satisfactory for children who read slowly

and who find the choice of what to look at - word or picture - very perplexing. The J. Arthur Rank production group has very largely solved this problem by making their plots dependent on action rather than on dialogue, and by introducing a story-teller as an integral part of the scenario. The story-teller is recorded on a separate track, mixed into the final sound track, and can be replaced by a speaker in any language. This technique has been found acceptable to children and would be financially possible in every country were children's audiences only slightly enlarged. Films made in this way lend themselves admirably to being turned into silent films with titles.

There are some problems of international taste, and censors differ from country to country as to what is a suitable film for children, but these problems could be easily surmounted by discussion and agreement on broad principles, with no sacrifice of national individuality.

What then is our present position? We know Children's Entertainment Films are with us, whether they be officially recognised or not. We know they can be produced by technicians who study this kind of production, that they can be and are internationally acceptable, that we need them to train film taste in children and also to form a background for that moral education which is internationally acceptable and desirable. What we need to do now is to think - to clear our minds with regard to Children's films, and to devise means by which they can be integrated into the framework of the film industry, national and international, so that, indeed, they shall not continue to be something desirable but nebulous, no longer "extremely difficult to define".

MARY FIELD

NO MORAL AND NO END

At nine-thirty one evening lately a boy of fourteen and a young man of twenty came out from Shoreditch to Essex on the new Underground line, known to the criminal classes as the "iron lung", and there broke into a house, stealing goods to the value of two hundred pounds. The young man was chased by the police, threw himself into a river with a view to ending his life, was dragged out, revived, and is now in prison. The boy of fourteen is still at large, enjoying the fruits of his crime.

You can call the young man Smith. Undersized, moody and practically illiterate, he has thin hair, hollow cheeks and looks physically less than his age. His story, from the criminal angle, starts in 1944 when he was fourteen. His school had been bombed; his father was in the Forces; the streets he played in were half rubble, as formless and uninteresting as his mind. In the last exertion of winning the war no one had time to teach Smith to read or write properly, let alone give him the store of interest and resource within himself which a middle-class boy receives without question. He began to steal from army dumps. During the next two years he made sporadic appearances at juvenile courts and had irregular, constrained conversations with probation officers. A week after his sixteenth birthday he was awaiting trial for breaking into a warehouse. At this time he also met the girl who, far beyond his deserts, fell in love with him. She was his age, and they married a few days before he was sent down for three years in Borstal.

The girl Smith married came from a home in which the parents were divorced. She was making good money, four pounds a week, spraying cars. All the same, she longed for family life; she loved Smith and she married him young. Then she sat down to wait for him to come out of Borstal. He came out after two years with a good report; then he was called up and the army took him to occupy Germany. She sat down to wait for him to come out of the army. He came home on leaves and eventually they had two children, both girls.

During his Service years, Smith had been doing very well. The sanity and decency which the bombed streets had not discovered were nourished by the open air life, the brusque competence, the cheerful anonymity of the army. He learnt to look after a car engine and, surprisingly, was found co-operative, trustworthy and willing to learn. He looked after an officer's horses and thought that, when he came home, it might be an idea to go and live in the country, in Cornwall perhaps; he had heard, dimly, of Cornwall. When he did come out, his leg was in plaster after an accident. He never got to Cornwall; he went back to two rooms in Shoreditch where the common lavatory was so filthy his family had to take a bus ride to his mother's when they wanted to excrete. This was the first time Smith and his wife had lived together.

And now Smith's neighbours come into the story. The joint owners of that common lavatory were justly revolted and incensed that an ex-Borstal boy should have the impertinence to come and live in their midst. When he started to make furniture for his rooms, they reported the matter to the Council to have it stopped; when he came out into the street they shouted that he was a Borstal bastard, and they used a similar word about his wife. She told Smith not to worry about this; they were at least together, which was all that mattered. But Smith did worry. His nerve began to go, he dreaded going out of the house, he became sullen and moody and lost his job.

He went to a probation officer he had seen when he was a boy. The probation officer was sympathetic, but what could be done? After all, it was true, he was a Borstal boy. Smith had to learn that no one can escape from his past. He was still trying to escape when, next week, he went to see the housing authority and was told that it would be at least six years before he and his family could be moved. When he came home his wife was ill. He went out again with an idea of killing himself. As he went, the man downstairs told him that unless he moved his bike out of the yard he'd send for the police.

Of course, Smith didn't kill himself. He met some "boys" by the Old Street tube and started on the journey by the "iron lung"- out to a pointless, profitless crime. His counsel did his best, but there was really nothing to say to mitigate the sentence. Smith went down the stair from the dock to do eighteen months. His counsel went to speak to his wife. What would she do now? Oh, she'd manage, perhaps they'd take the children in the nursery. She'd work hard, not car spraying this time; tailoring, car spraying was too dirty. Plenty of tailoring around Shoreditch. She sat on a chair outside the court waiting for the lunch adjournment when the chief warder might let her see her husband. She was a small, neat, rather pretty girl. She was sorry she and her husband wouldn't have their twenty-first birthdays together.

That is the story. In the words of the song, it has no moral and no end and doesn't go to show there is any particular good in men, although there may be some in women.

K.C. JOHNSON

THE WHITE FORT OF FAIT BEY

Summer glared and the white fort blazed like tinsel
And blue obsequious mermaids bobbed and bowed:
Sepulchre to some vague history that we did not look at,
for the bright light pained the eyes.

Winter wept and the old fort dimmed and dwindled
And mutinous urchins spattered on its hems:
Sepulchre to some vague history that we did not look at,
for the grey day pained the eyes.

Spring gestured and the inept armies fell together,
Men were bartered, peasants starved, the fat king
danced and diced:
Sepulchre to some vague history that we did not look at,
for they were Arabs, they were Jews.

D.J. ENRIGHT

BOOK REVIEWS

HEROES OF '48

"Men in Crisis". By Arnold Whitridge. Scribners. 25s.

Historians once wrote about heroic individuals; then, smitten by social conscience, they wrote about movements and peoples. Now they have arrived at the Hegelian synthesis and present great movements through the lives of individuals. Though the fashion can be overdone, it is a sensible one. After all, history is made up of individual men; and the pattern of an age can only be traced by running their lives together. The revolutions of 1848 are peculiarly adapted to the current fashion. Despite some admirable essays provoked by the centenary two years ago, the revolutions of 1848 still await their historian. The French have covered their own revolution almost too intensively; Italian historians are now catching up on the French; there is a great boring book on the revolution in Germany; and Professor E.H. Carr has presented some of the leading figures of the revolution as the figures of fun that they undoubtedly were. But the great work of synthesis which will treat the revolutions as a European affair, indeed as the first manifestation of contemporary Europe, has still to be written.

The present volume by an American writer is not this great work, though it has considerable merits. The weakness of the book is that the men chosen to illuminate the revolutions cannot really carry the burden; most of them are not central enough and they are therefore being constantly shouldered aside by events. This is most evident in regard to the German revolution, which is represented solely by Marx. What Marx wrote and did in Germany during the revolution is of no interest or importance, except as a minor illustration of extremist oddities. When Marx (or Engels) came to write about Germany in 1848, he lifted "the social question" from France where it belonged and imposed it upon Germany where it played little or no part; from that day to this the liberals - state officials, University professors, or straight intellectuals - have become capitalist bourgeoisie, and the interpretation of German affairs has gone wrong. Capitalists suffer fear, as the behaviour of every stock-exchange in the world shows; intellectuals suffer anxiety, which is something quite different. Though they worry and hesitate, they do not tremble. Far too much has been made of the way in which German liberals bolted to put themselves under the protection of the Prussian army; the great bolters of 1848 were the property-owners in Paris, and even in France the liberal politicians kept their nerve. But since the existence of the free intelligence weakened the symmetry of the Marxist system, Marx lumped his fellow-intellectuals in with stock-jobbers. Curiously enough the only German intellectual of genuine capitalist character was Engels; and his persistent confidence in the approaching revolution, which shapes Communist strategy to the present day, was typical of entrepreneur optimism in the early railway age.

The chosen French figures are also not quite in centre, though nearer to it than Marx. Louis Philippe had nothing to do with the Revolution, except to be thrown out by it; Louis Napoleon was certainly the heir to the revolution, in ideas as well as in material power, but he arrived only when the revolution was over. Lamartine remains, very appropriate for the beginning of the revolution, out of place a few months later, when he was the only revolutionary unaffected by "the social question" one way or the other - hence his sudden disappearance into thin air. Escaped from France, Mr. Whitridge at last discovers the real figures of 1848, Kossuth and Mazzini. These have the great advantage over any French revolutionary that they were more than historical echoes, despite the deliberate imitations which they practised. Both are excellently treated, though Mr. Whitridge is too kind to Mazzini and too unkind to Kossuth; this is the disadvantage of following Trevelyan for the one and Taylor for the other. Still both make sense and both convey something of that mixture of enthusiasm and of illusion, of rhetoric and practical achievement which makes up the essence of 1848. Finally Mr. Whitridge drags in America by a rather tenuous hair: all he can offer are the emigrants, the vast majority of whom were non-political, and a few Utopian settlers in pursuit of Icaria. This last chapter reads like an additional lecture slipped in to send his class away in a good temper. The book will have the same effect on the reader. Neither original nor profound, adding nothing to our understanding of the revolutionary year, it tells the story in a straightforward, modest way, and leaves the reader gently interested, perhaps even a little instructed. Like most American writing for university audiences, it presents secondary-school material in an adult way - altogether a parable of that curious nation.

A.J.P. TAYLOR

PRO-BRITISH

"The Britain We Saw". By Herbert and Nancie Matthews. Gollancz. 18s.

Herbert Matthews, New York Times London correspondent from 1945 to 1950, has collaborated with his wife Nancie in a record of their English sojourn, which should become a minor historical document of Anglo-American relations. If "The Britain We Saw" tells us a great deal about ourselves which we prefer to overlook, it reveals even more about the malaise of our well-wishers in the U.S.A.; and it is worth asking why such well-disposed people as Mr. and Mrs. Matthews should have found life in post-war London, not only physically but spiritually uncomfortable.

Nancie's chapters deal with private life. An expatriate Englishwoman, she feels a resentful nostalgia for the "superior" (the word is a favourite with her husband as well) middle-class life of her pre-1914 childhood. She sent her daughter to school at Hetherop Castle with the Queen's nieces, lived in a Mayfair house with two servants and found the foreign colony "an oasis in the desert of London". Despite regular food parcels from both New York and Ireland, she was also, on her own account, continuously hungry - there is hardly a page of her half of the book without some reference to the rigours of rationing or the horror of returning from holidays in Dublin or Paris to the 'paralysing' atmosphere of Socialist Britain.

The reader who is prepared to accept Nancie's perspective - that of an English writer describing the New Deal from an exclusive Republican mansion on Long Island - will find a great deal of entertainment in her sour comments. I was relieved to learn that the young men she met impressed her as "nerveless sportsmen who do not know the meaning of 'neurotic'". It was puzzling, however, to read that she was neglected by "the Labour Party's hostess". Even if she had been invited to one or two Labour socials, I fancy that Nancie would still have been hankering for a good chat with Mrs. Miniver.

It is Herbert who deals with public affairs. His chronological account of the Socialist experiment is desperately fair-minded; time after time an unfair cut at the Labour Government is neatly balanced by a concession to it on a later page. He is also scrupulously accurate, though it is surely wrong to assert, as he does, in describing penal taxation, that only someone in the highest income groups can afford either a new motor car or a good wireless set. Someone should really have sent him to Coventry! His sketches of Labour Ministers, in particular Bevin and Bevan, are excellently done. He sees that British Socialism is not the same as Communism; and unlike his wife, he recognises both the need for fair shares in austerity and the Government's courage in imposing it. Moreover he gives a really perceptive account of the Government's Commonwealth policy.

Yet his narrative is somehow churlish. It is almost as though Herbert was seeing England from the office window

of "The Economist". There is the same confident expectation of disaster just round the corner, the same annoyance that the Government has undeservedly avoided it - so far. A sound Cabinet, he believes, would have refused the American loan in 1945, and ruthlessly cut the social services when the pound was devalued. Indeed his chief worry is that a bankrupt country, supported by American aid, should be doing so well.

The fascination of "The Britain We Saw" is that Herbert and Nancie are both strongly pro-British. They really want to like us. Yet, though Herbert sees the welfare state as the one bulwark against Communism, neither he nor his wife can stand its social life. They may denounce the class system and the men of Munich with their heads, but they miss them in their hearts and stomachs. Liberty, equality and fraternity are all right in theory; but how much pleasanter Britain was for the visiting American before they were actually put into practice.

R.H.S. CROSSMAN

THE METHOD OF SCIENCE

"Chance and Choice by Cardpack and Chessboard": Vol. I. By Lancelot Hogben. Max Parrish. 50s.

We are only now coming to understand how deep have been the changes in science which were begun fifty years ago. In 1899, Max Planck discovered that energy, like matter, is not continuous; both come in definite pieces. In 1900, Bateman rediscovered the forgotten work of Mendel, who had shown that heredity also has an underlying skeleton which at its simplest works piecemeal or stepwise. And in 1905 Einstein exploded the ramshackle universe of the later Newtonians by uncovering the contradictions which lie within any absolute definition of time and space.

The silent revolution which these men worked in our mind has two strong marks. First it sees science not as a machine but as an activity. The world is not there, thumping along on its own, to be peeked at and copied into notebooks. When we unravel the workings of the world, we are part of the structure which we find, and our very act of observation cannot be removed from it. We do not stand outside the world; we go to make it.

This change of concept is common to Planck's physics of the small and Einstein's physics of the large. It does not seem at once related to the second change, which Planck's work shares with Bateman's: the processes which have been thought continuous are shown to have in some ways a stepwise structure. Yet there is a bond between both kinds of change. Both mark a new attitude to the act of observation, and a more modest expectation of it than scientists had in the past. In biology and in physics, the end of the century turns out now also to have ended the belief that ideally an experiment can be made as precise as we please, without limit. This is the common ground between relativity, quantum physics and genetics, that they see that the observation cannot be made infinitely fine, even in theory. Its errors cannot be removed, they can only be allowed for. And this means that the prediction must be surrounded by some area of uncertainty.

The errors cannot be removed, they can only be allowed for. It is this which has remained the stumbling-block in scientific method for the last fifty years. The methods of science in the past, particularly its mathematical methods, were developed to handle exact quantities. Except for the accidents of gambling, brokerage, and some astronomical errors, nothing prompted an interest in the mathematics of the inexact and the unpredictable. Fifty years ago, the theories of probability and mathematical statistics were still poor relations in science. It is amusing to recall that the great advances in this country about that time were made by Karl Pearson, with whom Bateman was not on speaking terms. For that earlier quarrel about genetics has a striking likeness to the recent quarrel in Russia, except that the parts were reversed. Pearson held anti-Mendelian views like Lysenko, but they were then respectable and academic here; and Bateman held Vavilov's views, but they were unorthodox then and "Nature" would not print them. And science would have lost infinitely if it had finally silenced either man.

I have said that the technique for dealing with the inexact and the uncertain is for the most part still new; and it is still strange. More than this, the very notion that science must learn to work with such ill-defined quantities because it is built from them is still shocking to teachers and to many excellent scientists. They continue in the conviction that ideally the experiment can be isolated in a box from the vagaries of the rest of the world. And they have no grasp of the place at the very base of science which we must learn to give to the new logic of errors, probabilities and sets of alternatives. They lack the conceptual picture; and so far there is little to give it to them in science teaching, either academic or popular.

Professor Hogben is particularly fitted to do this pioneer work. He has the insight and the enthusiasm, and with them the lucid gift of giving both to his readers. He is not a populariser but a teacher, and he has what is rare among teachers, the understanding that science rests on the techniques which they teach and yet is larger than any technique. It is characteristic that he, by training and achievement a biologist, should have written "Mathematics for the Million" and "Science for the Citizen", which taught the principles of these subjects to as many young scientists as laymen.

His new book completes the trilogy in a logical way. It does not, however, aim at the same ease or the same matey tone. By contrast with the others, this is a professional book. But it should not be (except for its price) a forbidding book. Although Professor Hogben has dropped some of the trappings of simplicity, he has kept its essentials. That is, he begins at the beginning of the subject. His development is sequent and direct; and his examples are vivid even in their presentation - for the book is full of handsome pictures of every kind of red and black array. This is the first of two volumes, but it reaches beyond first principles to matters of real interest, and its discussion of them - of maximum likelihood, say, and of confidence limits - is admirable.

We have had come upon us, in the last fifty years, a silent revolution in the methods of science. Yet we are all almost untaught in the new statistical methods, and even those who use them, as biologists and psychologists must, do so by rule of thumb. Professor Hogben's book is a welcome adventure in the understanding and in the techniques of the new statistical basis of science.

J. BRONOWSKI

ENDS OF TRAVEL

'Traveller's Prelude'. By Freya Stark. Murray. 18s.
'Naga Path'. By Ursula Graham Bower. Murray. 16s.
'The Antique Land'. By Diana Shipton. Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.

Ursula Graham Bower lived for years with the Naga hillmen of Assam, and was the only woman to hold a command in the Fourteenth Army. Diana Shipton spent nearly two years in the remote Chinese province of Sinkiang. Freya Stark's journeys in Persia, Iraq and Southern Arabia have put her in a class with Kinglake, Doughty and Gertrude Bell. What took these three women on their travels?

Mrs. Shipton's is the simplest explanation. She married Eric Shipton, climber and mountain explorer, who in 1946 was asked to go back to Kashgar as Consul-General. So Mrs. Shipton found herself travelling from Kashmir "as men have travelled for centuries, along one of the oldest trade routes in the world". From the rock and ice of the high Karakoram passes they came down to green rivers edged with willows, then across a windy desert to the

walled city. Life in Kashgar, as Mrs. Shipton describes it, sounds agreeable and civilised. Inside the consulate were the intellectual pleasures of the West - Mozart and Brahms on an E.M.G. gramophone, "War and Peace", Boswell, and all the other long books they had always wanted to read. Outside were the physical delights of the east: the great glowing melons of the bazaar, the rare sight of distant Pamirs hanging white in the sky, the mysterious sandstone hills they explored, the hidden green valleys and blossoming oases.

Clearly, Mrs. Shipton made the very most of her chance of travel, and she records her experiences with simplicity and charm. But Miss Graham Bower was one of those who have a revelation, and can then never go back. Hers came during a conventional visit to India in 1937, when she was 23. She was driving up to Kohima, gazing at the wooded ranges that stretched to the horizon, when she saw a group of Naga hillmen, utterly unlike the Assamese, and felt a shock of recognition. "That landscape drew me as I had never known anything do before, with a power transcending the body, a force not of this world at all." She schemed and plotted, she discovered what anthropologists would most like to know about the Nagas, she spent her dress allowance on films and another passage to India. She returned in 1938 for a few months, and in 1940 for five years, most of which she spent as the only European in a native community.

She threw away none of her advantages as a Westerner: she dispensed medicine, filmed, photographed, made notes on customs and crafts, but - and this gives her book its rare quality - she writes about life with the Nagas from the inside, with an intuitive understanding of their feelings and habits, of their awareness of the supernatural, of their capacity for living keenly in the present, but with the past. She even learned to know 'the hardship of being a "God"', for she was taken for the reincarnation of a divinity who was doing time in Manipur jail for abetment of murder. She knew the right ways of arguing with Nagas, even of bullying them, as well as the right ways of sympathising and helping: and only a person with this knowledge could have raised the volunteer guerilla force in 1943. But this activity, immensely valuable as it was when the Japanese were encircling Kohima and Imphal, was only a by-product of what she had travelled to do: "to rediscover a world to which I had belonged the whole time".

Freya Stark's autobiography has a bigness, a wisdom and distinction that put it in a class apart from the other two, interesting and well-written as they are. Her story ends when her travels started, but it gives us the traveller in the making. Her childhood and youth were full of tension and conflict. Her parents, both high-spirited artists - some of their paintings are among the admirable illustrations - quarrelled and separated, though there was no divorce. The mother and the two girls racketted about between England and Italy and finally settled at Bronero, in Piedmont, where Mrs. Stark ran a carpet-factory in partnership with a dreadful Italian whom she forced her second daughter Vera to marry. From the age of thirteen Freya had to do all the housekeeping and fight for her own education. By "normal" standards it was an impossible upbringing - but how rich in characters, in experience and sensation! Painfully, she learnt that she must make her life, and not just be tossed about and used. So she got herself to Bedford College in 1912, to a job in the censorship in 1916, to the Trevelyan Ambulance Unit, and the retreat from Caporetto. After the war she bought a small property near Ventimiglia, built a house, prised her mother away from the carpet-factory and worked like a navvy in the vineyard. Then she set herself to learn Arabic, - "because I thought that the most interesting things in the world were likely to happen in the neighbourhood of oil".

In her steps towards her own life, she always had friends beside her. Of the chief of these, W.P. Ker, she writes with beautiful affection. She had always loved mountains, but he took her to the high Alps, and her happiest pages are of days with him at Cogne, at Macugnaga, in the Valais. A year after his death she climbed Monte Rosa by the East face, up the Marinelli couloir. It is one of the longest and hardest routes in the Alps; she was the second woman up, and she did it on a diet of raw eggs and milk, after months of illness and pain.

In some ways, 'Traveller's Prelude' is a painful book. There is nothing to dull the edge of Vera's suffering. But in general the miseries and incomprehensions have been resolved by understanding, humour and love. Miss Stark's portrait of her mother is masterly, and her last word one of deep charity: "Some lives, like my mother's, are terribly expensive in the lives of other people: yet she had something to show for it in her own richness, which gave out as much sunlight as it absorbed". No less masterly is the portrait of herself, drawn with Mediterranean lucidity and candour. Her last words show her stepping on to a Lloyd Triestino boat in 1927, en route for Syria, with a blood pressure of only 78: a person who had learnt to make her life, to force her body to her will, to live at full stretch.

JANET ADAM SMITH

SHORT STORIES

"A Little Stone". By Paul Bowles. Lehmann. 9s. 6d.
"The Easy Way". By Kay Cicellis. Harvill Press. 8s. 6d.
"The Magic City". By Roderick Milton. Hart-Davis. 8s. 6d.
"The Last Sister". By Fred Urquhart. Methuen. 9s. 6d.

Short stories arouse the same sort of passionate emotional dissensions as a picture by Picasso, or the policy of appeasement before the war; and normally quiet objective citizens in dark suits grow pale with horrible fury at what they consider to be the absence of a beginning, middle or end. Orthodox beginning-middle-and-enders will find little to please them here. Mr. Urquhart, of course, a poetic short-story writer has trimmed his considerable talents neatly to the market; but somehow he ends up satisfying no-one with his competent well-observed cameos of rather dowdy life (middle-aged school-mistresses, sluts, telephone girls, shabby bickering writers and their wives, and - does not the blurb describe him as the best short story writer to have come out of Scotland for many years? - a great welter of puckles and muckles and ahints and awa's.) He goes about with his eyes and ears too wide open. There seems no room in his head for anything else except what comes in through them.

Mr. Roderick Milton, whose stories of occupied Vienna after the war are simple straightforward accounts of human emotions, tragic and gay, scuttling about the bizarre scene like children playing on a bomb-damaged site, probably comes nearest to what beginning—middle-and-enders consider decent, for he does not try to achieve the intensity of Mr. Bowles or Miss Cicellis. He is content to let his situations speak for themselves, and they are not particularly intricate situations. However, though he is at present lightish weight, there is none of the staleness about his writing which, alone, makes the true blue beginning-middle-and-ender feel comfortably at home.

Mr. Bowles is probably the most promising writer to emerge since the war. That is to say he is not just "promising" in the sense of being better than most of the other writers under review in one particular week. He is not just promising in the way that Mr. Truman Capote is undoubtedly brilliant but leaving the reader with the suspicion that the brilliance has somehow got stuck. He is promising because he is a mature writer, infinitely interested and fascinated by the tension that exists in nature and between human beings. And there is no knowing what he is going to find in it next. In "The Little Stone", a book of twelve short stories set mainly in Latin America, he has merged these two tensions into an overpowering whole as effectively as he did in his novel "The Sheltering Sky". Even when he deals with a relatively trite theme such as the escape of a madwoman from an asylum there is a distinction about his writing. The

JOHN MURRAY

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10/6

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best stories - "Call at Corazon" for instance - leave one breathless.

Miss Cicellis is a Greek girl, who has never been to England, writing in English. Like Mr. Bowles she succeeds in blending the intensity of the natural scene - in her case the light, the beaches, the sea and the sky of the Greek Mediterranean - with the intensity of human emotions. "Aegean Storm", a story about the effect on a husband and wife's relationship of the death by drowning of a Greek peasant who has been the wife's lover, is particularly impressive. There is also in this book a first-class story of a stifling mother and son relationship. The influence of Virginia Woolf, to which Miss Sackville-West draws attention in her introduction, is stronger in some stories than in others. It is however quite clear that Miss Cicellis has the talent to assimilate it and write stories that are her own.

ROBERT KEE

ROUND ATHENS

"Views of Attica". By Rex Warner. Lehmann. 15s.

"Views of Attica" is a modest book; that is to say Mr. Warner, acknowledging in his opening sentence 'to describe Greece is impossible', states quite clearly his limitations and his intentions: 'I shall attempt the objectivity of the lover rather than that of the Scientist, and shall describe isolated scenes and characters rather than try to paint a broad and comprehensive picture of a country and its people'. Within this framework Mr. Warner has written a series of lucid and unpretentious descriptions of visits to places and buildings all less than a day's journey from Athens: to Daphni, the Acropolis, Salaouris, Eleutherae, Delphi, and Mycenae; to Hymettus, Marathon, Piraeus and the South. Little of it is off the beaten track; the accounts of the historic ruins of ancient Greece are, none of them, detailed or in fact more than sketches of a recollected emotion. Mr. Warner is reluctant to disturb by delineation; the introduction to contemporary Greek politics and custom is simplified to the point of being elementary. Yet, despite or possibly because of this tenuous method, a purity of outline emerges from Mr. Warner's book that is both distinctive and pleasing. Most good travel books are labours of love, essentially anyway, even if it is a love often tempered by hate for the physical discomfort of travel. "Views of Attica" has certainly been one, and if Mr. Warner is perhaps too reluctant and too reverent to put language to the tests of description, the disarming simplicity of his prose is perpetually informed by classical scholarship, poetic understanding and human sympathy.

Mr. Warner was Director of the British Institute in Athens from 1938-47 and it is retrospectively from this period that he fills in, stroke by stroke, his portrait of Attica. Most of these cumulative touches are accounts of imagined journeys along the roads leading out of Athens. Mr. Warner's technique is to take, say, an excursion to Delphi and in the course of describing it to discuss, informally and in the manner of conversation among friends, different aspects of the Greek character. To this he adds personal reminiscences, meetings with Greek poets and guerillas, illustrative anecdotes, and digressions on food, wine, pictures or dancing. Behind this, as a kind of illuminated back drop, Mr. Warner makes us aware of the clarity and tones of the landscape. He does this, not in anything approaching stylised prose, but with an unaffected directness that, if not beautiful in itself, conveys much of the emotional residue that Greece has contrived to leave in Mr. Warner. There are occasional rather wooden passages, occasional awkwardnesses, but by and large this book is an object lesson in the easy dissembling of both learning and experience. It is as far from reporting as the Sadler's Wells Ballet is from the chorus at the Empire; and if it is the author of "The Aerodrome" not quite at full stretch, it is also one of the most agreeable by-products of the novelist's art. The vicarious traveller to Greece is not likely to do better than this.

ALAN ROSS

WEEK-END COMPETITIONS

No. 1,080

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes are offered for an extract of 150 words from the diary of a mass observer posted at one of the following: The Motor Show, The Conservative Party Conference, Sadler's Wells, a war veteran's re-union. Entries by November 14th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,077

The usual prizes are offered for the discovery of a lost 8-line poem by one of the following, on a real or hypothetical pet animal: Marlowe, Shakespeare, Donne, Swift, Johnson, Byron, Hardy.

Report by Naomi Lewis

Entries were many and good; anthropomorphism is, after all, one of the oldest national cults - with the writing of occasional verse a close second. I paused at Johnson and his cat drinking damnation to the Whigs: "Thou in milk and I in tea" (Guy Innes); at A.M. Sayers': "I have a courtier in my house"; and at many another pretty notion. Space, alas, allows only five winners.

HARDY: MY MOUSE

My mouse nibbles swift at his cheeses,
His flavour-fraught whiskers astir.
"But no such small offering pleases,"
I cogitate, "Her."

He all needless of tether and troth is:
Unperforcely our futures are twined:
"But she who might mistress us both is",
I sigh, "disinclined."

EDWARD BLISHEN

SWIFT: MY TORTOISE

My tortoise crawls, but will not bob
His head to any lordling nob.
My tortoise crawls, but would not lick
The spittle of Sir Tom or Dick.
I'll wager of my crowns a couple
Your knee-joints, reader, are more supple.
My tortoise crawls since that's his notion
Of right and proper locomotion.

LESLIE JOHNSON

YEATS

I, the poet William Yeats,
Mewed in extravagant loves and hates
And doubly and more darkly mewed
In arrogance of attitude,
Am reckoned free.
But in the wry
Minervan glitter of its eye
This gaunt gier-falcon mirrors me
Jessed and belled with liberty.

GRAEME WILSON

JOHNSON: HODGE, HIS CAT

Here sits good Mister Hodge,
Who turns to me in season.
While with me he dots lodge
I fear no lack of reason.
Let him who would be God
Maintain a dog to serve him:
A man of my degree
Will keep Hodge and deserve him.

R.S. JAFFRAY

SWIFT: HIS (HYPOTHETICAL) MONKEY

"The Dean is dead, Ma'am, of a bite
From his domestick Marmosite-"
"'Tis said despair of Human Nature
Was why he kept the nasty Creature-"
"Nay, he was curious if its Chatter
Conceal'd some primal-"
"Tush, no matter:
Of all too human Hipp or Spleen
The Monkey's dead. Long live the Dean!"

R.J.P. HEWISON

CORRESPONDENCE

SPANISH REFUGEES

Sir, - I read, in "The New Statesman and Nation" dated October 21st, that Spanish refugees in France have been sent to "the old Vichy concentration camps in North Africa and the Sahara". This I wish to deny absolutely. The Spanish refugees who, for security reasons, were expelled from France and did not wish to go to another country of their choice, have been accommodated in a number of small towns in the vicinity of Algiers. They live as they please, the only restriction on their liberty being that they cannot travel without applying for an authorization.

I would like to add that you are quite right in saying that Spanish republicans have, through their sufferings, "earned the right to a little peace and quiet". Perhaps two hundred thousand Spanish refugees are enjoying this right under the hospitality of France, and they also benefit by the French social security laws. The fact that a group of 177 refugees has been found to engage in subversive activities must not be permitted to divert our attention from this vast "bona fide" majority who really want peace and quiet.

French Embassy, London. BERTRAND DE LA SALLE
Press attaché

Sir, - The latest information received indicates that 151 Spanish Republicans have been sent to North Africa and to Corsica. Those sent to North Africa are housed in remote places, under the most abominable conditions, without furniture or clothing and many are sleeping on concrete floors with no bedding; those sent to Corsica are housed in disused buildings in remote villages. For example, among those sent to the village of Calacuccia are Dr. Bonifaci, suffering from angina pectoris, Dr. Rovira, a consumptive, and another man, aged 60, who spent the war years in Buchenwald. These men have been dumped in a school, where they sleep on the floor. One of the most unpleasant features of this affair is that they were allowed to take with them only 1,000 Francs, are not supplied with any food, and the local population has been warned against helping them.

But although the spirit of Vichy is again abroad in France so are the traditions of French democracy and humanitarianism. There have already been established two committees to aid the deportees. Parcels of food supplies and warm clothing may be sent to the following addresses: Secours Populaire Algerien, 21, Rue Bat - Azoum, Algiers; M. Antoine Agostini, 27, Rue de Lycée, Bastia, Corsica.

International Brigade Association, 374, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1. MAN GREEN
Secretary

MAKRONESSOS

Sir, - On 17th May, 1950, in the company of Dr. Binnerts, I visited Makronessos. Through a series of accidents, which I described in detail in Die Tat of 23rd August, 1950, we saw two places which are otherwise closed to visitors - a tent for allegedly "infectious" cases and a ravine in which mainly intellectuals were confined. The following things were to be observed:-

1) In the hospital tent, lying on their camp-beds, were 18 men suffering from tremor and other nervous diseases, and one man with a paralysed left side.

2) A number of those in the hospital tent and in the ravine showed traces of badly-healed fractures. We visitors discussed amongst ourselves the date of these injuries and, having no specialised medical knowledge, came to no conclusion.

3) In the ravine we saw, amongst other things, a man with an open wound in his neck, the size of a small saucer, and two or three new burns on each upper arm. The latter were about three centimetres long and gave the impression of having been caused by red-hot metal rods.

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THE HARVILL PRESS

There was also a young man who had lost the faculty of speech.

In the women's camp there were two tents containing between 20 and 40 insane. I am now no longer sure whether M. Binnerts accompanied me here, as we separated in the women's camp. I am sure that I spoke to him about it afterwards. In other camps we also saw old men and priests (easily recognisable by their characteristic dress) as well as old women and young girls of 14 years.

Next day I visited Professor D.N. Veis, Member of the Academy and of the Greek Parliament, who assured me that we could only have seen examples of a great number of injured, the majority of whom were concealed from public view elsewhere. Despite the fact that the police refused to let him go to Makronessos, Professor Veis had, in his official capacity, seen numerous victims in the hospitals and prisons of the mainland.

The leading Socialist paper "I Machi" had also, since last March, been publishing a series of lists of names of dead, insane, dumb, tuberculous and crippled. The Government instituted proceedings for libel against Machi. But the prosecution quickly broke down, since the prosecution witnesses confirmed the tortures in court.

M. Binnerts neglected to provide himself with all this information, and prefers to entertain doubts. On 13th September, he wrote to me from Athens about the man with the burns: "I should not be at all surprised if he had done it himself, simply for propaganda. The dumb man? Who knows whether he was really dumb? A doctor friend told us recently that it would be very difficult to inflict such an injury effectively."

Published material, not from Machi only, could have convinced M. Binnerts that people know how to injure "effectively" in this way and that these are not isolated cases. But, apart from this, these sentences from his letter do not support M. Binnerts' contention in his letter to you that he saw "only one man with a scar". My testimony, as eye-witness, stands.

Tessin, Switzerland. WOLFGANG CORDAN

NEWSREELS AND KOREA

Sir, - A Gaumont British newsreel recently showing in London West End cinemas contains shots of a native Korean being brutally kicked about the body and head by another (South) Korean. These shots may be a legitimate "document", but the approving remarks of the commentator on the punishment deservedly reaped by "quislings" seem less legitimate. They are made more offensive to British taste by the fact that the commentator has been obliged to adopt a parody of a public-school accent combined with the vocal volume of a stage sergeant-major. The intention would seem to be that he should sound typically and aggressively British to foreign ears.

In view of the deplorable impression which this parody of an Englishman's reactions towards such a scene - whatever his political views - is likely to make on audiences of any nationality, I, as one Englishman, would like to dissociate myself entirely from its sentiments - as, I am sure, would the immense majority of my compatriots.

London, S.W.1. GEOFFREY BRERETON

THE SMEAR

Sir, - I was pleased to see in this week's London Diary your comments on the "Daily Express" publicity with regard to the purchase of a house by Edith Summerskill, and Mr. Bevan's garage. At this hospital, in the morning at about 11 a.m. most of the Consultants and House Officers gather for coffee and discuss this and that, this and that being chiefly tirades against the Labour Government. In the morning when the Summerskill house appeared, the comments were of the order "These Socialists buying houses, disgusting, doing well out of the Government, etc.", and when the Bevan story appeared the comments implied there had been underhand dealing.

MEDICUS

NAVY DOCUMENTS

Sir, -I am engaged in research into "The Manning Problems of the British Navy during the late 18th and early 19th Centuries", and I should be most grateful for any relevant documents which may be in the hands of some of your readers. Particularly helpful would be anything connected with shipboard conditions prior to 1797, and any evidence as to possible subversive influence by Jacobite or other political clubs upon seamen during this period.

2, The Esplanade,
Plymouth. ELISABETH JOHNSTON

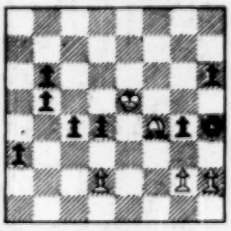
CHESS: RECORD OF MASTERS No. 57

The other day, Jose E. Olavide went to the considerable trouble of totting up all available tournament and match results achieved by some of the most famous masters who lived and died within the last 130 years. These interesting statistics, first published in "Ajedrez Espanol", will be news to most readers. I have corrected the percentages to the nearest integer.

	Played	Won	%	Lost	%	Drawn	%	Points	%
Anderssen	365	209	57	111	30	45	12	231	63
Morphy	59	42	71	8	14	9	15	46	79
Steinitz	705	422	60	154	22	129	18	486	69
Tchigorin	747	351	47	240	32	156	21	429	57
Tarrasch	710	294	41	168	24	248	35	418	59
Lasker	504	287	57	59	11	158	31	366	73
Pillsbury	325	173	53	68	21	84	26	215	66
Capablanca	578	294	51	35	6	249	43	418	72
Alekhine	1076	626	58	111	10	339	31	795	74
Reti	940	402	43	269	29	269	29	536	57

It is always pleasing to find one's own estimates confirmed by statistical evidence, and I suppose that those of us who had no inkling of the precise figures will not be surprised by the more outstanding facts, such as Morphy's great percentage, Alekhine's enormous aggregate, or Capablanca's many draws and few losses, so few indeed that I have space to itemise them: 7 to Alekhine, 2 to Lasker, Corzo, Marshall, and Spielmann, 1 to Black, Botvinnik, Chajes, Eliskases, Euwe, Flohr, Genevski, Jaffe, Janovski, Keres, Lilienthal, Reshevski, Reti, Rjumin, Rubinstein, Saemisch, Sultan—Kahn, Tarrasch, Thomas and Verlinski.

E. Post 1936



Only one study today; but this one - White to move and win - is difficult enough to tax competitors' ingenuity. Usual prizes. Entries by November 13.

REPORT ON COMPETITION (Set September 23)

A: 1) B-Q3, B-Kt2 2) B-B5, B-B3 3) B-B8, B-Kt4
4) B-Kt7, B-B5 5) B-B6, B-Kt6 6) B-Kt5! B-B5
7) BxB, PxB 8) P-Q5, P-B6 9) P-Q6, K-K1
10) K-Kt7 and wins

But Black can draw by 2) ..... B-R11! 3) B-B8, B-B3
4) BxP, B-R11 5) B-B8, B-B3 6) P-R6, B-Q2
(or B-Kt4), B-Kt7, B-B3! etc.

B: 1) R-Kt5 ch, Kt-Kt3 2) BxKt, R-R7ch 3) K-Kt4, RxB
4) R-Kt1 ch, K-B2 5) R-Kt1, K-Q2 6) R-K1, B-B3
7) R-Q1, K-Kt4 8) R-QB1, K-R5 9) R-QKt1 etc.

Handsomely deserved 1st prize for F.R. Oliver, only one to discover that Karstedt's famous old study is really a draw. It didn't matter in the point-to-point race, as the other 6 points just sufficed to decide the issue. 1st prize: Gerald Abrahams. Close on his heels G. Roblin, A.J. Roycroft, Fritiof Selander, sharing 2nd, 3rd, and 4th prize. This week's consolation prize shared by A. Altschul and Leslie Hale.

ASSIAC

THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

THE MOVIES

"City Lights", at the Rialto
"The Glass Menagerie", at Warner's

Wonderful Chaplin! His silence is the most eloquent thing the cinema has to show. Was there ever such a clown before? Will there be again? The revival of "City Lights" brings back untarnished one of his funniest and most touching episodes in the life of boots-and-cane. He is wandering, this time - strolling, perhaps, is the word for such spruce dilapidation - about the city where crowds hurry, newspaper-boys point, car-doors open and slam, and on corners flower-girls wait for the kindly button-holer. His blind flower-girl takes him for a gentleman; and a no less blind millionaire, trying to drown sorrow in a multitude of ways, welcomes him drunk and denies him sober. With this glorious if uncertain background, he begins his cake-walk of courtship. He is kicked down steps, flower-pots fall on him, he pushes dung-carts, and out-boxes or out-dances a terror of the ring - all for love. The more sentimentally pathetic the love-tale, the more extravagantly precise the humorous adventures attached to it: at the beginning we have seen him publicly unveiled, in the cradling bosom of some civic monument, and thereafter we enjoy the midnight dips with the millionaire saved from suicide, the whistle swallowed at the party, the spaghetti-eating in the restaurant that leads to paper-streamers, the Rolls-Royce shadowing a prospective cigar-end, and at all times the double-faced attitude of patron drunk and overlord sober-each scene a masterpiece of comic art. And to crown the pathos, the girl recovers her sight, the game's up, and in a last haunting glimpse we see Pagliacci close. "City Lights" contains nearly everything Chaplinesque, and fortunately it has not been possible to pin on a narration of the kind which smilingly condescended to "The Gold Rush". The only voices are the goose-gabbling orators heard in the opening ceremony: Chaplin's first response to talkies (the film was made in 1931, between "The Circus" and "Modern Times".)

"The Glass Menagerie" makes a pleasant slight film of Tennessee Williams's play. The whole thing, perhaps, is a bit of glass-blowing, fine-spun and home-spun at the same time, and it is canted far too heavily to Jane Wyman's shy cripple, but the performances of Gertrude Lawrence and Arthur Kennedy especially, as mother and son, carry it surprisingly through. The camera tricks to assert itself over the stage only once, in a quite idiotic flash-back.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THEATRE

For the last few years we have watched Mr. Rattigan steadily pushing his talent up the hill. In "The Winslow Boy" a special brilliance expressed itself in the choice of subject. In "The Browning Version" he went much further than before in drawing a character. And with "Adventure Story" he tried to scale the heights, even if, as I happen to think, he was not then quite ready for them. "Who is Sylvia?" represents a pause in this climb, a pause for a light-hearted, light-fingered comedy which, even if it is not quite satisfactory as a whole, will at least solve for many people the seasonal problem of where to find an amusing evening to entertain friends.

The pin on which the comedy turns is the man who is stuck in a repetitive pattern, falling always for the same kind of face. This is embodied in the first act in a 1917 shop girl, in the second in a Twenties Bohemian, in the third in a 1950 dress model. The man is a respectable diplomat with a wife and child who pursues his repetitive fantasy in a Sloane Square flat, and has difficulties in keeping the life of family and fantasy apart. It is easy to see how, if he had chosen so to treat it, Mr. Rattigan might have used this idea to push his talent a few miles further up the slope. Instead, he has used it to work off a number of sufficiently amusing and deftly contrived light comedy situations. The first two acts which contrast 1917 with the Twenties set each other off nicely and bubble along at a good pace. The third - thirty years on with the diplomat and his boon companion gnarled and veined old amorists, - doesn't come off nearly so well. The wife who knew all about it all the time is altogether too conventional a wind-up, and nothing is added here to the stock figure. We hope for the best when, too long anticipated, she turns out to be Athene Seyler, but not even this perfect comedian can save the contrivance from seeming shop-worn. The delight of the evening is Mr. Roland Culver's brilliant comedy, every crease of his face even contributing to the fun. Miss Diane Hart gives a clever performance as three different period girls, while Mr. Robert Flemyng is a suave enough diplomat, although he is falling into a bad habit of false intonation.

The season of Jewish plays at the Saville is continued with Clifford Odets' "Awake and Sing", a play which has become accepted as a kind of classic of social realism. A rather unsatisfactory production in a very much too large theatre gives one time - altogether too much time - to wonder why. We are no longer ready to accept people as the passive creatures of environment, and so the motivation of the characters here strikes us as insufficiently attended to, the machinery of the change of heart as creaking woefully. The sudden burst of optimism from the young man in the closing scenes seems singularly unjustified and leads into an ending with the now sanguine young man encouraging his sister to desert husband and baby, which sends us away feeling "How nasty!", instead of the "How splendid!" we are obviously meant to feel. There are of course a number of scenes which bite through to the bone. For Mr. Odets is particularly adept at creating an atmosphere foetid with oppression and lit only by a crackle of bitter joking. It is disappointing that a cast led by Lilly Kann, Meier Tzelnicker and David Hurst should fail to bring the play more alive. The pace is appallingly slow and the climaxes constantly missed. Let us blame the choice (forced, no doubt) of theatre. This is one of those plays which we should be able just to overhear as it snip-snaps past us without giving us time to think.

T.C. WORSLEY

TWO CONCERTS

Austrian charm could be relied on to fill the Albert Hall on Sunday, and the sounds coming from rows of seraphic sailor-boys must have made tired hearts beat faster. Our own church music is rooted firmly in the organ-loft, but for Haydn and Mozart the opera-house was near at hand. The Vienna boys cannot match, say, New College for pure treble intonation or for perfect balance in cappella singing; under pressure they sharpened. But their training in rococo has given them a staggering virtuosity; breathing is superb, and coloratura comes with ease. The Strauss operetta had a stylish production, with complicated routines for an enchanting chorus, and a group of accomplished soloists. Let us hope English choirmasters noted the beauty of boy alto tone.

Earlier in the day Paul Wittgenstein gave the first London performance of Britten's Diversions on a Theme for Left Hand and Orchestra, written in 1940. In this work Britten set out to explore, as succinctly as possible, aspects of what he calls the "single line approach" to pianoforte technique. Eleven brief variations (one for orchestra only) and a cadenza display the effects of trills, arpeggios, scales, and so on. Admirers of the Frank Bridge Variations and the Young Person's Guide may be disappointed in these, which seem too often impersonal etudes. Although the orchestra is full, down to saxophone and muted tuba, the writing lacks some of the inventiveness of Britten's later work.

A.P.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THE Linguists' Club, 20, Grosvenor Place, S. W. 1. Nov.11 at 6 p.m. Miss Muriel Dawson and Mr. Eric Richmond: Pianoforte & Song Recital.

I.C.A. Film Season, alternate Mons. 7.45 p.m. (12 progs.) at French Institute, Queensberry Pl., S. Kensington. Nov.6: Richter's "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (first showing in this country) & short; Nov.20: "Partie de Campagne", shorts (special art films); Dec.4: "Passion of Joan of Arc". Tickets: cash programme: Mems. 1s., guests 5s. or complete season: Mems. £1.10s., guests £2.15s., from Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. - GRO.6186.

WINTER Sports Forum & Show of Travel Films on Nov.10. You are invited to a show of recent travel films taken in Austria, Corsica, & Spain followed by "Winter Sports Forum". Details from Erna Low, 9, Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN.0911.

EXHIBITIONS

ITALIAN Contemporary Sculptures (Marini, Manzu' & others). An exhibition at Italian Institute, 39, Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Nov. 1-Nov. 15, 1950. Mon.-Fri. 11-8; Sat. 11-6, Sun. 2-5. Adm. 1s.6d.; free for mems.

PAUL Alexander Gallery. Paintings and Watercolours by Alexander Hodgkinson. Nov. 1-25. 190 Kensington Church Street, W.8.

AUBE Monet Exhibition at Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19, Cork Street, W.1. Choice Pieces of Sculpture & First London Exhibition by Jacob Bornfriend.

TROMPE L'Oeil, XVIIth and XVIIIth Century Illusionism. Also recent Paintings by Robert Medley. At the Hanover Gallery, 32A, St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

LECTURES, MEETINGS & LECTURE COURSES

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed. Nov. 8, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Great Newport St., W.C.2. "Labour, Britain, and the Italian People": Rugero Orlando. Admission 1s.6d.

BRIGHTON and Hove Fabian Society. Kingsley Martin on "Britain & the East-West Conflict". Royal Pavilion, Brighton, Thursday, Nov. 9 at 7.45 p.m. Tickets 1s. from Fabian House, Richmond Place, Brighton.

MR. Kenneth Walker will speak on "Medicine and Philosophy", Nov. 10 at 17, Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

THE United Nations and The Married Woman: Mrs. Jessie Street, Australia. Delegation to Scandinavia: Mrs. Jean Hinchliffe. Caxton Hall Thursday, November 9, 8 p.m. Admission 1s. 6d. Married Women's Trust, 6, Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

ANGLO-Polish Society: Lieut. Gen. Sir Adrian Carton De Wiart, V.C., K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., on "My Years in Poland". Sikorski Institute, 20 Princes Gate, S.W.7. Tues. Nov. 7, 7.30. Open to non-mems.

WATFORD Peace Council, S.O. Davies, M.P. speaking at T.U. Hall, Tues. Nov. 7, 7.30 p.m. All welcome.

THREE mems. Executive German Socialdemocratic Party, mtg. (in German) Fri. Nov. 3, 7.30. 1 Broadhurst Gdns. Assoc. German Soc. Dem. in Gt. Bt.

MR. Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., on "Sex and the Law", Nov. 5. Sidney Parker on "War or Revolution", Nov. 12. Tony Gibson on "Does Power Corrupt?", Nov. 19. London Anarchist Group public meetings every Sunday, 7.30. Central House, Gt. Newport St. Leicester Square Tube. Licensed bar & social facilities. Admission free.

PERSONALIST Group. Marcus G. Sims on "Ryle's 'Concept of Mind'". Conway Hall, Thursday, November 9, at 7.45 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, Carton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Public Lect. Wed. Nov. 8, 6.30. "Birth of a Western Buddhist" Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., Sun. Nov. 5 at 7.45. 785 Finchley Road, Golders Green (Regal Cinema Bus-stop, 2,28; 646, 660). Dora Russell: "Education for Happiness".

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont Street, S.W.1. Tues. Nov. 7, at 7.45 p.m. Jack Lindsay, "Czechoslovak-Soviet Relations". Chairman: Miss Judith Todd. Admission free. All welcome.

WRITING As A Career. A lecture will be given by L.A.G. Strong, B.A., F.R.S.L., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33, Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Nov. 6, at 8 p.m. Adm. free.

MOTIVES and Aims of a Humanist Ethic. 1. Value and Liberty of the Person. H.J. Blackham, at the Ethical Church, 4a, Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. November 5, at 6.30.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sun. 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. November 5: The Masters of Wisdom.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Nov. 5: H.L. Beales, M.A., "The Survival of Privilege." Admission free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tues. evgs. at 7 p.m. Nov. 7: Martin Davidson, D.Sc., F.R.A.S.: "Has Christian Modernism any Future?".

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of 8 lectures on "The Spectator" will be given by Prof. R.P. Bond (North Carolina) at 5.30 p.m. on Nov. 6, 9, and 13 at Univ. of London, Senate House, W.C.1 (entrance from Malet St. or Russell Sq.). Nov. 6: The Periodical of Queen Anne's Age; Nov. 9: Mr. Spectator, the Writer; Nov. 13: The Visit of the Four American Kings (Essay 50). Admission free, without ticket.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2. Four lectures on "Dryden As A Critic" will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Nevill Coghill, Esq., M.A., on Mon. Tues. Wed. & Fri., Nov. 6, 7, 8, & 10. The Lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

APPLICATIONS invited by Y.W.C.A. from those interested in Club work for all ages on a Christian basis. Previous relevant exp. or willingness to take training essential. Apply by letter, Training & Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, 100 Baker Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT - Continued

THE University of Liverpool. Brunner Chair of Economic Science. The Council of the University of Liverpool invites applics. for the Brunner Chair of Economic Science. Further particulars obtainable from the undersigned, by whom 12 copies of applics. (1 in the case of overseas candidates) should be received by Nov. 25. Stanley Bumbell, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applics. invited for positions of Senior Lecturer and Lecturer in Psychology. Sal. ranges are :- Senr. Lecturer - £A900 - £A1,100; Lecturer - £A650 - £A900 (including cost of living allowance of £A150). Superannuation is similar to F.S.S.U. One of the positions will be specially concerned with educational psychology and with work in the child guidance centre. Further particulars & information as to method of applics. obtainable from Secretary, Assocn. of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics. is Nov. 15, 1950.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Department of Economics & Commerce. Applics. invited for appntment. as Lecturer or Asst. Lecturer in Economic History. Salary scale £550-£50-£1,100 for Lecturer, £450-£25-£500 for Assistant Lecturer. Candidates, who should have had exp. of research in Economic History, will be reqd. to undertake and supervise work on the history of the wool textile and other industries in the West Riding. Applics. should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2, (from whom further particulars obtainable) not later than November 15, 1950.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applics. are invited for appointment as Tutor for Services' Education in the Dept. of Extra-Mural Studies. Applicants should have a good Honours Degree. The duties will comprise in addition to teaching in tutor's subject, interviews with Servicemen undertaking higher education while in H.M. Forces and the administrative work arising therefrom. The person appointed will require to commence duties on April 1 and to live within reasonable access of Catterick. Appointment will be made in the Assistant Lecturer (salary scale £450-£25-£500) or in the Lecturer grade (salary scale £550-£50-£1,100). Applics., tog. with the names of 3 referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further partics. obtainable) not later than Nov.11, 1950.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Assistant, Music Department, Midland Region. About one half of the duties will consist of work as a staff accompanist, the remainder consisting of one or more of the following categories of work accdg. to the abilities and exp. of the selected candidate:- choral training and conducting; programme making; occasional orchestral conducting as a deputy. Applicants should possess high professional qualifications, and a good knldge. of the classical repertoire. In addition some exp. in the field of light music would be an advantage. Starting sal. £745 (may be higher if qualifics. and exp. are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £985 p.a. maximum. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1., within 7 days marked 'Music Assistant M.Stm.'. For acknowledgement enclose stamped addressed env.

CIVIL Service Commission. The Civil Service Commissioners announce an Open Competition for about three vacancies in Specialist Grade A in the Government Communications Headquarters, to be held in 1951 concurrently with the competition for the Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service (Method II). Age limits: at least 20½ and under 24 on August 1, 1951, with extension, up to two years, for service in H.M. Forces. Entry on the salary scale, for men in London, of £380 x £25-£725; salaries are somewhat lower for women and for officers serving outside London. Promotion is possible to a higher grade on a salary of £1,000 - £1,375 per annum, with prospects of further advancement. The work of G.C.H.Q. is very varied and although mainly specialised, requiring high class linguists, mathematicians and scientists, it also covers most aspects of the work of a medium sized Government department. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1., quoting No. 3242; completed Applics. Forms must be received by Nov.15

LONDON Marriage Guidance Council. Applics. invited from persons with suitable qualifics. and exp. for the post of Secretary of this Council. Candidates must be married & not under 30 years of age and should possess a wide exp. of social work, have a sound knowledge of the work of voluntary societies and have administrative and organising ability. Commencing sal. would be between £600 and £700 accdng. to qualifics. & exp. Applic. forms and further partics. may be obtained, on receipt of a stamped add. foolscap env., from Secretary, London Marriage Guidance Council, 78 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.1.

ESSEX County Council. Supervisor required at the Remand Home for Boys, Boyles Court near Brentwood. Sal. £280 by £12 to £340 p.a. less £78 for board and lodging. Interesting opening for young man wishing to study for Diploma in Social Science; opportunities given to attend lectures. Particulars and applic. forms obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

JEWISH Board of Guardians requires State Registered Nurse, to act as Joint Sister-in-Charge. Convalescent Home, Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex (60 women, 20 men). Sal. accdng. to qualifications., with full residential emoluments. Excellent quarters. Also Night Nurse, with hospital experience. Apply: Secy., 12, Middlesex Street, Bishopsgate, London, E.1.

EDITORIAL Assistant (part-time) reqd. to assist in preparation of technical papers and publication of Journal. Man with engineering knowledge and journalistic exp. pref'd. Salary £300 p.a. for 3½ days a week. Applns. in writing, tog. with 2 refs. to Sec., Instn. of Water Engineers, Parliament Mans., Abbey Orchard St., S.W.1., by November 11.

BUSINESS man seeks for his frequent Cont. travel only, genial lady-Secretary, pref. shorthand-typing, German, French, driving exp. Typewritten answer. Box 8819.

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